

# THE PRINCE OF WALES' GREAT WELCOME AT LEEDS

# The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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One Penny.

## WRECK SURVIVORS MISS MABEL RUSSELL, M.P.



Mrs. Morton and her four children, the youngest little more than a year old. With them is Chief Engineer Vine, one of the engineers who kept the engines working to the end. The survivors are loud in their praise of the conduct of officers and crew.



Councillor Gilbert Oliver, the Labour candidate.



Captain Robson, contested the seat as a Liberal.



Mrs. Hilton Philipson, the successful Conservative candidate.



A remarkable photograph of the sinking liner taken by one of the engineers, who were the last to leave the ship. The fog lifted as the boats got away. Inset another rescued family.

A number of survivors of the wreck of the liner Marvale, which sank after striking a reef off the Newfoundland coast in dense fog, arrived at Southampton yesterday. Her 436 passengers and crew took to the boats, and were saved before the ship sank in seven fathoms.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Mrs. Hilton Philipson is the mother of three children. Inset is her husband, Captain Hilton Philipson.

The House of Commons gains a third woman member by the victory of Mrs. Hilton Philipson at the Berwick by-election. She polled 12,000 votes, against Captain Robson's 5,858, and Mr. G. Oliver's 3,966. Mrs. Philipson was Miss Mabel Russell,

## MISTRESSES ON "BLACK LIST."

**Why Some Women Never Get Servants.**

## PLENTY IN ABERDARE

**Girls Should Be Allowed To Have Visits from Fiances.**

A thrill went through the members of the committee inquiring into the domestic servant problem yesterday, when Mrs. R. Davies, J.P., of Aberdare, said there were more girls seeking domestic work there than could be found places.

Mrs. G. E. Mines, of Hereford, said that when a girl was engaged to be married opportunities should be given her to see her fiancée in his place of service when this was not in the neighbourhood of her own home. Class prejudice might be broken down by encouraging girls to join games clubs.

Miss Lilian C. Barker said she had been asked to start training centres for mistresses, who, she thought, were not now the good housewives they used to be.

Good registry offices, she declared, had a "black list" of mistresses to whom they would not send a maid because they knew she would not stay.

## ABERDARE RIDDLE.

**More Servants Looking for Vacancies Than Can Be Accommodated.**

Mrs. R. Davies, J.P., chairman of the local Juvenile Advisory Committee, surprised the committee by stating that there were more girls seeking domestic work in Aberdare than could be found places.

Taking the last two years, 503 girls were registered at the Aberdare Exchange, and of these about 400 were prepared to take up domestic work.

The committee were only able to find 147 notified vacancies, and actually placed 105 in domestic work.

Mrs. E. M. Wood, chairman, remarked that the figures had seemed incredible to her, and other members expressed some astounded wonder.

Mrs. G. E. Mines, Hereford, spoke of the attitude of teachers, who, she thought, should be asked to emphasise the general advantage to girls of being thoroughly domestic.

"Domestic servants of the best type are not inferior to the majority of girls who serve in shops or restaurants," she added.

### THE "BLACK LIST"

Miss Lilian C. Barker, hon. secretary of the Central Committee of Women's Training and Employment, said the committee had so far helped nearly 20,000 women.

About 70 per cent. of the women whom they had trained entered domestic service.

Referring to the registry offices' "black lists" of mistresses, she said it would help if the offices "had the pluck to tell the ladies they were on the black list."

She said she did not think domestic servants should have to work longer hours than anybody else.

"What is your idea of a trade union?" asked Mrs. Wintingham, M.P.

Miss Barker said the difficulty was that the men would have to be willing to take up the battle of the "twentiee," and in domestic service there was more snobbery than anywhere else.

Mr. John Gibbons (Broadstairs), who wrote a letter to the Committee in which he declared that his wife's death was directly accelerated by lack of servants, stated that he had eight servants, including a cook.

One girl said to him quite frankly: "Why should I stop when I can get the dole?"

The chairman pointed out that domestic servants were not eligible for the dole.

### MOTOR DEATH-ROLL.

There were 149 people killed by traffic in London streets in the first three months of this year. Motor-buses caused sixteen deaths, private motors forty-nine and trade cars fifty-five deaths.

Horse-drawn vehicles were responsible for eleven deaths and push-bicycles for six.

### INTRODUCED RUGBY TO U.S.A.

Mr. Richard Sykes, a native of Yorkshire, has died at the age of eighty-four, says a Reuter's Santa Barbara (California) telegram.

Mr. Sykes introduced Rugby football into the United States.

### £500 JEWELS IN CIGARETTE-BOX.

A cigarette-box containing £500 worth of jewellery has been lost by a City merchant's wife, it is believed on the Underground between the Mansion House and Piccadilly.

## BIRTHDAY HONOURS.

**"Eye-Witness" Knighted G.C.S.I. for "Ranji."**

### LADY COX, D.B.E.

"Ranji," of cricketing fame, Colonel E. D. Swinton, the official "Eye-Witness" in the early days of the war, the Aga Khan, head of the Mahomedans in India, and Lady Cox, wife of the High Commissioner in Iraq, are among the most popular people in the King's Birthday Honours list issued last night.

Most interesting of the honours are:—

G.C.S.I.—Sir Ranjitsinhji Vibhaji, Maharaja Jam Sahib of Navanagar.

G.C.V.O.—Sir Mahomed Shah Aga Khan, Earl of Meath Baron Dunedin. K.C.V.O.—Viscount Valentia.

K.B.E. (Civil Division).—Colonel Ernest Dunlop Swinton, D.S.O.

D.B.E. (Empire Order, Lady Cox, for services in India).

Award of a bar to the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal for public services in India is made to Mrs. Lilian Agnes Starr, matron in charge of the C.M.S. Hospital at Peshawar, who will be remembered as having very bravely assisted in the rescue of Miss Ellis from tribesmen.

Air Vice-Marshal Sir John L. Salmon is promoted to a bar in the Royal Flying Corps, in recognition of distinguished services in Iraq.

Colonial and Foreign Office lists of King's birthday honours include five K.C.M.G., one G.C.M.G., seven K.B.E., and eleven Knights Bachelor.

## ATTACKED IN COURT.

**Successful Defendant in Separation Case Slashed with Razor.**

Women's screams disturbed the serenity of the Gloucester Sheriff Court yesterday when, after being a successful defendant in a separation and alimony case, George McAvoy, fifty, was attacked and slashed in the face with a razor.

As the assailant, who is alleged to be a son, rushed through the corridor pane broke out among the women, and many fainted.

The injured man lies in the infirmary in a precarious condition, and the assailant is missing.

## FILM CONTEST CLOSING.

**Opportunity to Assist Charity by Entering Cinema Competition.**

Thursday next is the last day on which entries for the Sunday Pictorial Cinema Contest will be received. The last two coupons affording an opportunity to win a share of the £7,000 prize money will appear in to-morrow's Sunday Pictorial.

Immediately the competition has closed the work of adjudication will commence, and the result will be made known as soon as possible.

For the benefit of Daily Mirror readers a coupon enabling them to compete will be found on page 10 of this issue. The contest is in aid of the British Legion, who will retain all profits.

"Should Divorce Be Secret?" is the title of a powerful article by Mr. Lovat Fraser which will appear in to-morrow's Sunday Pictorial. His Highness the Aga Khan will also contribute his views on English racing.

## JUDGE AND DON.

**Cambridge College Fellow Refuses to Serve on a Jury.**

When called upon to serve on a petty jury at Cambridge Assizes yesterday, Dr. Alexander Wood, a lecturer and Fellow of Emmanuel College, objected to serve.

He gave as his reason that he considered the system administered to-day was wrong in principle and practice.

Mr. Justice Lush said that it was a pity great that Dr. Wood held those views. The Judge ordered him to leave the jury-box.

## MAGNIFICENT BUS MEN.

**Bishop of Woolwich Proud When They Punch His Ticket.**

"I know hundreds of bus conductors," said the Bishop of Woolwich, presiding yesterday afternoon over the annual meeting of the Ranby Mission at the Central Hall, Westminster. "They are so proud!" he continued. "When the man has punched my ticket, then begins to talk to me. I have often been shown pictures of their latest babies; they are magnificent people."

"As for the women of South London, I always take my hat off to them; they are cheerful, bright and stick to their homes. They never think of getting divorced, and although their husbands are difficult they stick to them. They don't remember a word of any sermon I have ever preached."

"All they remember is that I go to see their when he is ill. That is what sticks."

The Bishop added that Old Kent-road was the most lovely road in all London.

### EX-M.P. LEAVES £18,450.

Mr. Sydney Gedge, Mitcham Hall, Mitcham, Surrey, formerly an M.P., left £18,450.

## RACE WITH DEATH.

**Award for Miner Who Saved Comrade's Life.**

### WON BY TWO MINUTES.

Gallant action by a miner who risked his life and saved a buried colleague, with only two minutes to spare in a race with death, has resulted in the King awarding him the Edward Medal in silver.

The award was granted, says last night's *Gazette*, to Bert Craig in the following circumstances:

On November 14, 1922, at Nixon's Navigation Colliery at Mountain Ash, Glam., a workman named Jones was completely buried by a heavy fall of stones.

Four other men made some attempt to get Jones out, as though they could not see him they could hear him moaning.

Further falls took place, and the four men, considering the risk too great, retreated under cover of darkness.

At this moment Bert Craig, another workman, arrived, and, hearing of what had happened, at once ran to where Jones was buried and began to remove the stones.

In spite of Craig's appeals for help, the other men present hung back until the falls ceased, when they then came to Craig's assistance, and Jones was extricated.

All the time falls were taking place, and within two minutes of Jones being pulled out there was a loud explosion, when both he and Craig would certainly have been killed.

Craig's action was a very gallant one, and he undoubtedly saved Jones' life.

He suffers from the result of a severe bullet wound in the head, and any blow might have been fatal.

## DRY" EXPERIMENT.

**Test of Bath Waters by Men Who Must Abstain from Alcohol.**

A curious "blood" experiment is the cause of an advertisement displayed on the windows of the Bath Unemployed Exchange yesterday.

The advertisement wants "one hundred normally healthy men to assist in experimental work testing the action of mineral waters at a Bath hospital for three weeks."

The advertisement is, in connection with an experiment by the Royal Mineral Water Hospital, organised by the Mayor of Bath, who is keenly interested in research work.

The men will have to undergo a very slight blood test on entering and another on leaving. They will have a certain amount of freedom, but must give an undertaking that they will abstain from alcohol during the experiment.

## BLAZING BOAT HERO.

**Unsuccessful Effort to Fling Flaming Petrol Tin Overboard.**

The five members of the crew of the Grimsby motor-boat Mistletoe were busy fishing from the deck of their small craft at midnight when they were startled to hear an explosion in the engine-room.

Fisherman J. W. Shippey discovered that a petrol tin had burst, and with great courage he picked it up and dashed over rocks. His efforts to throw the overboard failed, and the blazing man fell among a heap of lines and gear.

The flames shot up as high as the masthead, and the sails and balyards fell in flames to the deck. The crew fought the fire for two hours.

The Mistletoe arrived yesterday at Bridlington, thirty miles from where she had been fishing, with five badly burned men on board.

## SKULL FOUND IN PIT.

**Grim Discoveries as Result of Hunt for Missing Woman and Children.**

The search of the disused mine shaft at Simondley, near Glossop, for the bodies of Mrs. Hannah Caddington and her two children, who disappeared three years ago, has continued yesterday, and resulted in the discovery of a skull.

A pelvis bone, a shoulder blade and a thigh bone—all those of an adult person—were also found.

The discovery justifies the opening of an inquiry on the body of a woman. There are peculiarities in the remains which may lead to actual identity.

If the police theory is well founded the results will startle the whole country.

## MEMORIAL TO WAR MARTYRS.

A monument by the famous sculptor, M. Magne, bearing, among others, the names of Miss Cavalier, Gabrielle Petit, and Philippe Banet, is to be erected in front of the Tivoli National in Brussels to the memory of those who were assassinated by the Germans in the building.

## BRITISH NOTE REACHES MOSCOW.

Russia has gone a long way towards satisfying British demands, Reuter learns, and now that the British Note has reached Moscow, it remains to be seen whether it will go a little further and give the assurances requested regarding propaganda.

## MRS. BEVAN GETS DECREE NISI.

**No Defence to Petition Against Husband.**

## PARIS EVIDENCE.

**Wife's Story of Quarrels—Marriage a Mistake.**

There was a Divorce Court echo yesterday of Mr. Gerard Lee Bevan's financial crash, his wife, Mrs. Sophie Bevan, being granted a decree nisi on the ground of her husband's desertion and misconduct. The suit was undefended.

Mrs. Bevan stated that at the end of the war her husband said he had worked hard for four years and wished to amuse himself. He went to a West End hotel, and they had never lived together since.

Evidence was given of Mr. Bevan's visits to Paris hotel and of his admission of misconduct with a Frenchwoman.

Mrs. Bevan was given the custody of the younger daughter.

## AFTER-THE-WAR RIFT.

**Mr. Bevan Tells Wife He Wished to Enjoy Himself.**

Mrs. Bevan said the marriage was in October, 1893, and there were two children.

They lived fairly happily until about the end of the war. Bevan then said he had had four very hard years and wished to amuse himself, so he would be away from home a good deal. He took rooms at the Carlton Hotel, London, and from that time never lived with her as her husband.

They sometimes stayed under the same roof when he was away to see the children, but occupied separate rooms.

Mr. Bayford, K.C. (for petitioner): Had you anything to do with each other on these visits?—He used to quarrel with me nearly all the time. We met at meals, but otherwise he spent his time with his daughters.

### MARRIAGE A MISTAKE.

Mrs. Bevan, proceeding, said she asked why he was staying away from her, and he said he had finished with her and was going to remain away.

Counsel: Did he say anything about his marriage?—Yes, he said it had been a great mistake.

Early this year, added Mrs. Bevan, her solicitors made inquiries, resulting in the present petition.

Evidence given from the Hotel Claridge, Paris, was given to the effect that on various occasions Bevan stayed there. Sometimes a Frenchwoman occupied a room adjoining Bevan's.

The managing clerk to Sir Charles Russell and Co. said that when served with the divorce papers Bevan admitted misconduct with the Frenchwoman, but not with another woman in the petition.

In granting a decree nisi the Judge gave Mrs. Bevan the custody of the younger daughter.

## SHATTERED ROMANCES.

**Shock for Miner and Wealthy Woman—Schoolmistress' Sea Romance.**

MELBOURNE, Friday.—Upon the arrival of the Balramald two sensational elopements were reported.

A coalmaster left his wife in Wales and eloped with a wealthy woman. This latter has not been permitted to land, and has been placed aboard the Hobson's Bay for return to England.

An English schoolmistress eloped with a man who attempted to swindle her during the voyage and the pair are now parted.—Exchange.

## OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

**Week-End Forecast.**—Winds between east and north; mainly cloudy; cool; risk of drizzle. Lighting-up time to-day, 10 p.m.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M., the novelist, is eighty-three to-day.

Mr. Kipling will deliver his Rectorial Address at St. Andrews in October.

**The Empire for Sale.**—The Empire Theatre, Leicester-square, is to be offered for sale on July 10.

**Fire at M.P.'s House.**—Fire caused some damage at Tawstock Court, near Barnstaple, the residence of Mr. Basil Feto, M.P.

Mr. Bonar Law is recovering slowly but satisfactorily from his throat trouble. He was visited yesterday by Mr. Baldwin.

**River's Secret.**—Missing since February 20, Mr. Sydney Alice Jones, thirty-four, of Monmouth, was found drowned yesterday in the River Wye.

**Berlin—London in Seven Hours.**—A Daimler air express with three passengers yesterday flew from Berlin to London, over 750 miles, in seven hours.

**200-Year-Old Record Broken.**—Dr. E. C. Pearce, elected Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge yesterday for the third year in succession, is the first to gain such election in 200 years.

# MISS MABEL RUSSELL ELECTED FIRST ACTRESS M.P.

**Majority of 6,142 for Conservative Wife of Unseated Husband Who Was a Liberal.**

## BLACK EYE MISHAP AT CLOSE OF POLL

**New Member Accidentally Struck by Elbow of Policeman Clearing Way for Her.**

Miss Mabel Russell, the comedy actress, is Berwick's new M.P. As a Conservative she has won the seat which her husband, Captain Hilton Philipson, a National Liberal, captured at the General Election and lost on petition. The figures announced yesterday were:

Mrs. Hilton Philipson (Conservative) .....	12,000
Captain Harold Robson (Independent Liberal) .....	5,853
Mr. G. Oliver (Labour) .....	3,966

Majority ..... 6,142

At the General Election Captain Philipson's majority was 4,579. He was unseated owing to the action of his agent. The size of Mrs. Philipson's majority astonished everybody. There are now three women M.P.s, Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintingham being the others.

When returning to her hotel after the poll Mrs. Philipson received a black eye, through being accidentally struck by a policeman's elbow when he was clearing a way for her.

## ROMANCE OF CHORUS GIRL WHO BECAME M.P.

**Third Woman to Succeed Husband at Westminster.**

### TULIP-BOWER SPEECH.

From chorus girl to M.P. is the romantic life story of Mrs. Hilton Philipson, who as Miss Mabel Russell, was once in the Gaiety Theatre chorus.

In her youth she was promoted from a Clapham Junction box office to the place of a pantomime principal who had fallen ill.

Then she was member of a chorus until she was given a song in "Havana" at the Gailey.

Later she was induced by Sir Herbert Tree to play in "Within the Law" at the Haymarket, and made a great success as a Cockney girl.

As a Cockney, indeed, she was pre-eminent on the stage in those days, and she was a very lively, lovable girl in "London Pride" at Wyndham's.

### MUSICAL COMEDY FAVOURITE.

It was in musical comedy or revue that Miss Mabel Russell first made her name. She appeared in "A Comedy," "To-to," "Half-past Eight," "Samples," etc.

In June, 1917, Miss Russell, bidding good-bye to the stage when she was "starring" in "London Pride," married Captain then Lieutenant Philipson. Since then she has made occasional appearances on the stage.

Mrs. Philipson is the mother of three children, including twin boys, born in 1918, one of whom died in infancy.

She is the first actress to enter Parliament, and is the third woman member of the House of Commons, her colleagues being Lady Astor and Mrs. Winttingham, who in each case succeeded their husbands at Westminster as Mrs. Philipson has done.

### BLACK EYE ACCIDENT.

The size of Mrs. Philipson's majority exceeded even the most sanguine expectations of Conservative M.P.s, writes *The Daily Mirror* correspondent.

This is the first election since Mr. Baldwin became Prime Minister, and not unnaturally it was regarded as a happy omen for the new Government.

Mrs. Philipson was the victim of a singular accident. After the close of the poll,

Besieged by crowds on returning to her hotel, she received a black eye while entering.

The injury seems to have been accidentally inflicted by a policeman. His efforts to clear a path for Mrs. Philipson resulted in his hitting her in the eye with his elbow.

Later Mrs. Philipson appeared on the balcony of her hotel half-submersed by huge bouquets of flowers. She was a belle then, ten years ago, to admirers, many of whom were miners and humble fisher folk, and made a cheery speech.

When the result of the poll was declared from the steps of the Berwick Town Hall there was round upon round of cheering.

### NORTH BERWICK WARMER.

North Berwick's temperature of 60deg. yesterday was 10deg. higher than that of London. Temperature in Scotland was about normal for the time of year.

Many places on the South-east coast had no sunshine. But Cbaan had twelve hours' sun and Douglas (Isle of Man) eight hours.



The Hereditary Princess of Monaco, daughter of the present ruler of the principality, has given birth to a son.



D'Annunzio, the poet, chairman of whom there is no news since he started to fly from Gardeone, Italy, to Paris.

## LEEDS TO THE PRINCE

"COME AGAIN, LAD."

Rousing Welcome to Peal of Merry Bells.

## POLICEMAN V.C. SENT FOR. Flowers from Royal Car for Hospital Inmates.

A great reception awaited the Prince of Wales at Leeds yesterday, when he drove through the city streets lined with cheering thousands.

A slightly unfortunate incident occurred when a woman, with the best intentions in the world, threw a yellow rose at the Prince.

The flower struck him full in the face, and, judging by his expression, it caused him pain.

The rose fell into the road, and when picked up was found to have several thorns.

At the railway station the Prince was afforded when the Prince sent one of the institution nurses out to his car to get the rose out of the vase in the car for the sick inmates.

In his tour of the industrial areas the Prince had a tremendous reception. At one point, Hunslet Moor, over 20,000 cheering schoolchildren made a very fine picture.

Over the entrance to one works, which was lavishly decorated was a huge inscription in Yorkshire dialect.

"We're reight glad to see th' Teddy lad. Tha's chip o' th' own block."

Underneath was written, "God save the King." At the entrance to another factory was the inscription:

"Come agean lad on time."

At other towns in the industrial area there were boy scouts, girl-guides and workmen of all descriptions, gaily bedecked in varied colours and displaying Union Jacks, large and small. The various chit-chats rhymed merry peals of bells as the procession went by.

### CHILDREN'S DAY.

It was specially children's day and hospital day in Leeds.

The Prince sent specially for Police Constable Hull, V.C., and congratulated him on possessing the decoration.

The Prince visits the Wolverhampton General Hospital today, June 13, and an effort is being made to secure a substantial sum to commemorate the visit.

A powerful lighthouse (the first to be used for such a purpose) has been erected on the top of the hospital. It is called the Light of Healing, and is continuously casting its revolving beams over an area of twenty miles.

Each beam of light is intended to remind the passer-by that in that moment either some patient is undergoing an operation or recovery therefrom is being carefully tended.

Wearing a large red buttonhole, the Prince arrived at King's Cross last night.

## GERMANY'S NEW OFFER.

**Wants Reparations Fixed by an International Committee.**

PARIS, Friday.

It is learned that the new German Note on reparations is being framed on the following lines:

No total amount of reparations shall be mentioned in the Note.

International loans will not be asked for.

Germany's obligations shall be assessed by an international committee of experts.

A moratorium of four years will be asked for, and after the four years Germany will pay an annuity of between £60,000,000 and £70,000,000.

The offer, as far as the annuity is concerned, is dependent upon the goodwill of the Industrialists, which cannot be said to have been yet obtained.—Central News.

What France wants from Germany's action after 1870—the Franco-Prussian War. She told France she would evacuate her territory when France had paid. We shall do the same, to make sure Germany does pay," said M. Millerand, the President, at Strasbourg yesterday.

He added that this was France's inexorable resolve.

## OLD BOTTLE AND MR. ASQUITH.

"Am I Not One?" Asks Ex-Premier, Who Hints at Cabinet Surprise.

Mr. Asquith, speaking at Buxton yesterday, said he had a momentary apprehension when he heard the chairman (Lord Gladstone) use the phrase: "Old bottles would not hold new wine." (Laughter.)

"Am I not an old bottle?" asked Mr. Asquith, who was greeted with cries of "No."

I have no personal desire to serve in the service of public life," he added.

Referring to Mr. Baldwin as a Premier who started with the invaluable asset of the esteem and affection of the House, Mr. Asquith said the Ministry was not yet complete. It might be reinforced from an unexpected quarter.

## 191 WRECKED PASSENGERS ARRIVE IN ENGLAND.

### Thrilling Stories of Marvale Adventure.

### STRANDED ON ISLAND.

One hundred and ninety-one passengers and 235 members of the crew of the Canadian Pacific liner Marvale, which founderered in the St. Lawrence River a week ago, had thrilling stories to tell of the wreck when they landed from the Melita at Southampton yesterday.

Professor Tait, one of the passengers, said:

"I was one of the few on deck when there was a sudden rasping noise as the ship struck what I thought must be an iceberg or another ship."

There was no panic. Everyone remained calm, and the crew did everything to help the passengers get to the boat stations.

### LOST EVERYTHING.

"Seventeen boats were lowered and got away without accident. The sea was calm, and we made for a fog signal station at St. Shotts, three miles away.

The inhabitants in the few wooden houses did their best for us. Women turned out of their beds and shared their very scanty provisions with us.

"We had lost everything—money, passports and luggage."

Captain Lewis, the Marvale's commander, left the doomed vessel in the last boat, and when he landed he made a little speech, reassuring the passengers.

"Miss Woodfield, a conductress, who was sitting with an invalid man below deck at the time of the disaster, said she had only just time to get her patient on deck."

"The invalid's husband came below and told her to get up on deck for boat drill, so she did so, and was put in a boat before she realised it was the real thing."

"May O'Donoghue, an eleven-year-old child, told a stewardess at the start of the voyage that there would be a wreck," said Miss Woodfield.

After leaving the island of St. Shotts everyone left for Trepassay, en route for St. John's, by the sealing vessel Seal.

### INDEMNITY BILL PASSED.

### No Division on the Third Reading in Commons.

Without a division the House of Commons yesterday passed the third reading of the Indemnity Bill, designed to protect the Home Secretary from penalties in connection with the Irish deportations.

On the report stage an amendment by Mr. Maxton, seeking indemnification to action taken since December 6, 1922, was accepted by the Government.

An amendment by the Attorney-General providing that the indemnity should not apply to any subsequent action was agreed to.

The Government accepted a proviso enabling compensation to be paid to the personal representative of any of the deportees who died before compensation was awarded.

It was agreed, on the Attorney-General's motion, that proceedings before the tribunal should be in public, with power to hold inquiry in camera if necessary.

### WELSH STEEL CRISIS.

### Strike Called for To-day — 25,000 Workers May Be Thrown Idle.

Locomotive men and shunters in all steel works in South-West Wales have tendered notices to cease work to-day to force a fifteen-shiftings-a-week increase.

If the steelworks stop the Welsh tinplate trade, employing 25,000 people, will be brought to a standstill.

The emergency committee of the crafts' unions met yesterday in London. At the conclusion Mr. Frank Smith, Engineering and Shipbuilding Federation, stated that 17,602 voted on the railway company's proposals, which were defeated by over a 6 to 1 majority.

### PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

### Condition Unchanged After Some Hours' Sleep—Royal Family Anxious.

Yesterday's bulletin concerning Princess Christian declared:—

"After some hours of sleep the condition of Princess Christian remains unchanged."

Among the earliest callers at the house in Pall Mall was the Duke of Connaught, who was accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark.

Anxious inquiries as to the Princess' condition were also made early by the King and Queen,

### PACKET UNDER PILLOW.

### Mystery Death of Man Who Recovered from Train Fall.

The mystery of the death of a Yorkshire miner named Edward Rothery in Hitchin Infirmary, after having apparently recovered from injuries resulting from a fall from an express train, was investigated by the Hitchin coroner yesterday.

It was alleged that the man climbed out of a corridor coach as the express passed through Hitchin, and that he was without a ticket.

Dr. Arthur Foster said Rothery had practically recovered, but died on Wednesday, and a post-mortem examination did not reveal the cause of death.

Catherine Skoines, acting matron at Hitchin Infirmary, said a packet of white powder was found under Rothery's pillow.

The coroner adjourned the inquest for three weeks to await an analysis.

### IRON CHAIRS ON LINE.

Iron chairs weighing between thirty and forty pounds were found on both lines on the Chatham and Dover Railway at Allington, near Maidstone, shortly before the boat express passed.

One chair was cut in halves by a fast train.

The driver of a slow train noticed the obstruction and the train was brought to a standstill.

# LADIES' MIRROR

## COLOURS & CUSTOMS—FLORAL SUNSHADES.

I DON'T know whether it is because it happens to be a good stage colour, or whether a fashionable revival of this loveliest of colours is indicated, but I notice that blue is being worn a good deal just now on the stage. A pretty simple frock that any ingenue might copy is worn by Marjorie Spiers in the new edition of "Rats" at the Vaudeville. It is just the colour of a tropical sea and made in the pinapare sleeveless style that now prevails. It is bound with inch-wide pewter tissue put on flatly, and on one hip is a perfectly enormous true-lovers' knot made of narrow wired tissue. \*

### UNLUCKY MAUVE.

Have you noticed that of all colours mauve is rarest seen upon the stage? This is because it is supposed to be an unlucky colour. Like all stage superstitions this particular one dies hard, as many an uninitiated leading lady has learned to her cost at dress rehearsals. \*

### SUNSHADE LORE.

Your sunshade, if you mean to have one this year, must look like a lovely cluster of flowers. Perhaps you will choose one of blushing pink georgette, which imparts the softest flush to a fair cheek. Or see green chiffon if the natural roses in your cheeks want a little toning down for these days of fashionable pallor. The long handle will be enamelled in some bright colour—yellow, royal blue or heliotrope, and shades of lime and purple delphinium. Cyclamen blossoms will trail their way from handle to handle. PHILLIDA.



You won't feel quite so dressed up in a white frock if it is enlivened by coloured embroidery.



Summer isn't all sunshine, alas and a warm little coat of camel's-hair cloth becomes a necessity.

## MELBA WIRELESS BAN.

### Why Last Night's Opera at Covent Garden Was Not Broadcast.

Contrary to general expectations, "La Bohème," in which Dame Nellie Melba sang last night at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—and which the King and Queen attended—was not broadcast.

The opera was one of a number from which the B.B.C. announced that selections would be given during the present season of the British National Opera Co., but it had to be taken from the list as Dame Melba's agents would not allow the greater singer to be broadcast.

Mr. H. Holt, of M. srs. Lionel Powell and Holt, yesterday, explaining the reason why his firm has taken this action, said: "There is no secret about it, neither is it because we have any quarrel with either the B.B.C. or the British National Opera Co."

"It is because we think that a concert artist of repute is not worth nearly so much either to herself or to us if she is broadcast."

## KITCHEN WISDOM.

### Book That Every Domestic Servant and Mistress Should Read.

A book which if read by both mistress and servant should play its part in settling the domestic problem is "Domestic Service," by "An Old Servant."

The writer, who began domestic service at the age of ten, was in nineteen situations, her experience extending over fifty-two years, and she says:—"There can never be happier days in service, and we do hope the good old days will return, and even better days."

"We do not advise girls to go into a large house when they begin domestic service," says the writer. "Avoid all nonsense, and fill your thoughts with something serious, and you will help you to go away from vain fancies."

There is an amusing reference to the relief of Ladysmith. The servants were at dinner when the great news was announced, "and there was a great commotion for a while. The laundry maid was deaf, so she asked what was wrong. 'They told her, 'Lady Smith!'" she ejaculated. "Who is she?"

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

### By Our City Editor.

Markets showed a good time with all-edged stocks prominent. War Loan rose to 101½. Consols fell to 95½ per cent. at 95. New West Australian loan is pending, £3,000,000 in £2 per cent. The Bank of England is still in the lead, being well up on the franc's uncertainty, latter easing to 71.15. Brussels 82.90. Marks were 340.000. Ace were weak in Industrials, textiles also except for Bleachers 22s. 6d. Igens rose to 5. Maynards to 4.

## M.P.'s DARTS CHALLENGE.

### Sir Philip Sassoon's Offer to Play Champions of Folkestone League.

Sir Philip Sassoon, member of Parliament for Hythe, has thrown out a challenge to the champions of the Folkestone and District Darts League to a match.

The champions of the league, which is composed of sides drawn from the licensed houses in the town and district, are the George III, team.

## FIGHTING FIRE PERIL.

### New Escape That Safeguards Persons Who Leap for Safety.

A new fire escape, a model of which was shown to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, has been invented by Mr. George Daws, aged eighty-one.

The collapsible escape, the principal idea of which is the elimination of all shock, can be erected in a few moments from a trolley or car used against a building.

A person jumping from a window at any height lands in a quinntagonal canvas funnel, supported by stays, and slides into a canvas bag suspended so that the weight of the body disconnects it, allowing it to run down an ordinary canvas chute to the ground.

The escape should be particularly useful for schools and factories.

## WEEK-END BROADCASTING.

**LONDON** (369 metres).—11.30-12.30, morning concert; 5.30, women's talk; 6, Mr. J. K. Hammerton on "The Great War"; 7, "The Home Front"; 8, dance music; 8.30, Mr. Graham Ridd (bassoon); 9, dance music; 9.30, "Wilt Flowers" by Dr. D. Ellis; Mr. Graham Ridd; dance music; 9.35, Act I. of "Pagliacci"; Sunday, 8.30, messages to the King from the Dominions; Irish Guards Band; Miss L. Bagley (elocutionist); Irish Guards Band; 9, "Candy"; 9.15, Mr. Edward, Vicar of St. Peter's, Cranley gardens; Miss Betty Goodeen; 9.30, news; Miss Betty Goodeen; Irish Guards Band; Miss Lona Bagley; Mr. Neville Barber; Irish Guards Band.

**BIRMINGHAM** (420 metres).—3.30, concert; 5, women's talk; 5.30, children's corner; 7, Ivanhoe Quartet; 7.15, Mr. W. Morgan (bass); 7.30, news; 7.45, "Catharina Quatieri"; 8, Mr. J. Basford on "Time Measurements"; 8.15, Ivanhoe Quartet; 8.30, Miss Janet Joye (songs of piano); 9, men's talk; 9.30, news; 9.45, Orpheus Quartette.

**CARDIFF** (353 metres).—5, women's talk; 5.30, children's corner; 7, news; 7.40, orchestra; 8, Mr. E. Williams; 8.30, news; 9, Mr. Everyman; 8.45, Mr. R. Williams (trumpet); 8.50, orchestra; 9.30, news; 9.35, orchestra; 9.45, Mr. R. Williams; 9.50, Concert Party; 10.5, orchestra.



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ISLE OF MAN for Holidays—Bracing air; beautiful

sights; fine walks; sailing; boat trips; golf; tennis; sailing; buildings; also apartment lists. M. W. Clague, 27, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate-circus, E.C. 4.

SWITZERLAND—Interlaken—Gstaad—Mürren—Lucerne—Zermatt—Brienz—Schwyz—Vitznau—

Lucerne twice daily; all Ammanns in full swing—Guide and List (post 3d.). "D. M." Town Hall.

NEW YORK—Beverly Hills—300 Wherries, Yachts, etc., for hire; 180 page list free; post 2d.—Blacks Breads

for hire; 22, Newgate's London.

MISSCELLANEOUS.

ARE you fat? Nature's only remedy, Thinn Tablets, in plain wrapper, P.O. 1s. 3d.—Thinn Co. Ltd., Lambert House, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.

ECZEMA—A special cream for this disease, positively cured when everything else fails.—Write to J. G. Matheson, M.P.S. Chemist, 72, Dragon-head, Harringay.

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IMPORTANT to ladies—Tea-pans, talc, transformations, hair-dressing, perfume, etc.—Write to Mrs. S. W. S. for details.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS—If you are a victim of a railway accident, send for our illustrated catalogue last page. Dept. 2, Midland Hair Mfg. Co., 24-26, Talbot-road, Nottingham.

SIMPLY BALM—Ballm, Parquet Floor, excellent hand; 8½d.

WHITE "Verbena" for dry skin, coarse pores and skin clearing creams 2s. 6d. and 4s. 9d. a vase; also skin softener, emollient and lotion, 2s. 6d. a bottle—20s.

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# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1923.

## MORE "EVIDENCE."

THE Servant Committee continues to collect what we suppose it calls "evidence" about domestic service.

That is, everybody who has anything to say about the modern girl and modern life goes blithely and says it at great length. And some of it gets reported. And a good many modern girls read these reports.

They read that others like them object to domestic service because parlourmaids as parlourmaids are not invited to the season's Courts; that they wear caps instead of tiaras; that they are called "Mary" or "Anne" by the naughty errand-boy instead of "Miss" or "Madam" or "My Lady." (This is quite untrue, by the way.)

Thus they are set brooding over imaginary grievances.

Of course it's scandalous! Slavery! Oppression! And they decide not to be "servants." The very name indicates a servitude no nice girl would submit to.

Unfortunately it doesn't seem to strike them that, toiling all day in teashops or factories, they may not always be treated by the public, or by overseers, with that profound respect that is their due as free-born British women.

This wonderful Committee with its infinitely garrulous witnesses, reeling out masses of mere opinions, under the guise of "evidence," simply gives them the impression that anything is better than work ignominiously called "service." And thus does the Committee solve the problem of "many unemployed women but no servants."

## SEPARATIONS.

SOME recent remarks of Mr. Justice Hill illustrate once again the evils of judicial separation as contrasted with divorce.

The high-minded protectors of the British Home do not seem to worry about separations.

Yet in hundreds of cases they may be said to condemn people to immorality. And they are not only granted, as a case just reported shows, to those who cannot get divorced but also to those who will not seek for a divorce, because, in their bitterness, they "do not wish to set the guilty free."

This is good neither for the guilty nor for those they may have injured. But it is the law. And it will last until the home-defenders realise that it hardly protects virtue—or the home.

## LONG DEAD.

THERE is certainly much to be said for Lord Curzon's slashing attack upon those archaeologists—he bluntly names them "ghouls"—who have a taste for burrowing amongst the bones of the long dead, and excavating early celebrities. We all know what Shakespeare's views on that subject were.

It is strange that, in a country calling itself Christian, respect for the dead should diminish according to the period of their interment.

No one would think of disturbing a recent grave, out of curiosity. An ancient one apparently doesn't matter.

Why? "Time has nothing to do with it," as Molière's hero pointed out in regard to the merit of a sonnet. Nor surely ought it to make any difference to our attitude of respect for the long dead. *Requiem eternam* is our prayer. There are no suggested periods in that plea for "endless" rest.

W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Pleasure which must be enjoyed at the expense of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.—Dr. Johnson.

## THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Is Cycling Good Exercise?—Domestic Servant Committee Fares for Dogs—Parliamentary Manners.

### KILLED BY LAUGHTER.

THE noisy Labour element in Parliament is being treated in the correct way—it is being laughed at.

Laughter will kill Bolshevism in this country, because no one ever takes it seriously—even the working man.

S. E.

### TAKE YOUR DOG.

I THINK you are doing a public service in calling attention to the excessive fares charged by the railway companies for carrying dogs.

In travelling from Bayswater to Richmond I am charged 9d., while the fare for my fox-terrier is 1d. This seems to me ridiculous. Incidentally, the G.W.R. have not yet heard

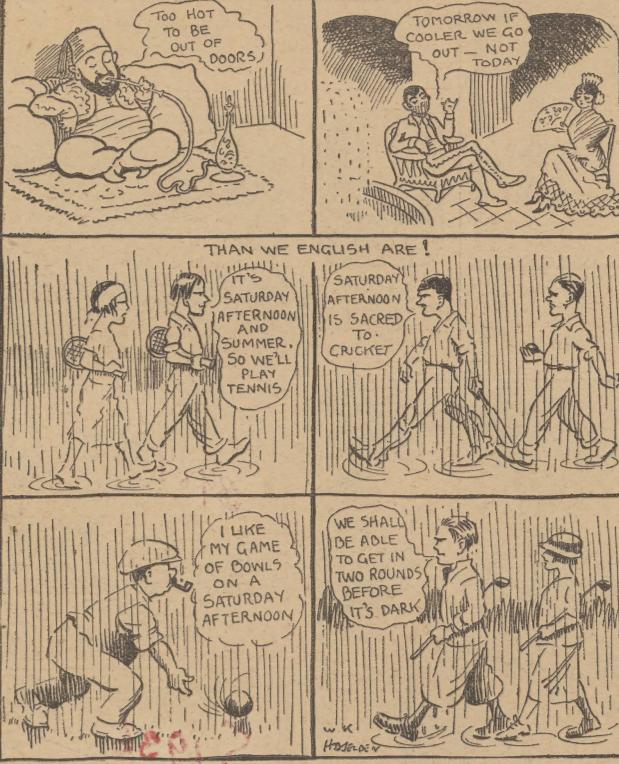
### "THAT COMMITTEE."

I WAS glad to read your comments on the committee of women now engaged in clearing up the trouble due to lack of servants. Pray do advertise the fact that those members of committee know nothing whatever of what they are talking about! They all probably keep five or six servants and are well waited on, even if each servant in their service has a whole day off every week.

It is the mistress with one or two maids who could set matters straight. What does she like in the house? Would she permit her footman to answer her door wearing "plus fours" and a blazer? People in the middle and lower middle classes have quite as fine a sense

### ENGLISH GAMES AND THE ENGLISH CLIMATE.

OTHER NATIONS SEEM TO BE MUCH MORE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THEIR CLIMATE



Thousands of people sally forth on Saturday afternoons to play games which were surely invented for fine weather. Shall we get any this month?

that the muzzling order has been rescinded. Then insist on my dog being muzzled before they will issue a ticket for him to travel. Savage Club Adelphi. ERNEST COFFIN.

**ORNAMENTAL KNICK-KNACKS.**

ONE ought to prefer room with nothing in it at all rather than too much.

The way some people have knick-knacks strewn over the mantelpieces, sideboards and those contrivances known as "whatnots" appeals me.

They look far from pretty, and they are always getting damaged. G. D.

### CYCLING AS EXERCISE.

NOTHING could be nicer than to "free-wheel" down a hill—the breeze blowing through one's hair and the trees on either side of the road rushing by.

But what happens when one has to go up? It means getting off and pushing the wretched cycle—hence the term "push-bike," I suppose!

For myself I prefer a motor-cycle which can overcome any hill. To get off and on a cycle only irritates me. MOTOR CYCLIST.

YOUR correspondent, "Again a Cyclist," apparently holds the pastime of cycling in great esteem. If the wind is a favourable one, then there is only a moist, dust-flecked air blowing into one's face, whilst if you have the wind against you the atmosphere is decidedly cold.

I think walking is by far the healthiest exercise, as the present breeze that every long-distance walker knows, blowing right into the face provides one's lungs with the best ozone.

Harston, Grantham. E. HOLDEN BROOK.

### "THAT COMMITTEE."

HAS LAWN TENNIS BECOME SNOBBISH?

GIVE THE MERE BEGINNER A CHANCE!

By RACHEL FERGUSON.

AT the seaside townlet where I stayed last summer I saw tennis under the microscope.

I watched the game as it is played to-day by the type which plays it to-day.

I saw suburban chiquishness, petty exclusions, and rather more than a tendency to over-zeal.

Crisp white skirts, heavy white silk jumpers, filmy blouses—some of them sleeveless, leaving the arms bare to the collarbone—a change of rackets, a personal set of snowy tennis balls, and a games club for which the casual visitor must be "put up" and pay through the nose.

All of which is depressing!

Being a casual (but tennis-loving) visitor, one naturally knows no one local, and one is appalled by the publicity and display accorded to the game, while one's wardrobe reels before the demands made upon it before one can cut a respectable figure on the courts.

These conditions are becoming universal; in London, suburbs—everywhere. And they are choking off the amateur.

As for the beginner who wants a humble court where, unwatched and in any old skirt, she can practise—there isn't such a thing!

I happened to be on Court 2 when our local tournaments were being played.

Suddenly I saw a middle-sized woman with a hearty, red-brown face, narrow blue band round her brown hair, and curious white leather heel-less "ankle-jack" boots—the kind favoured by acrobats.

### AN INTIMIDATING GAME.

My memory gave a lurch and I said to myself: "That's Miss—" It was. I went up to her and poured my difficulties into her matter-of-fact ear.

Did she think there should be courts for beginners? "For," said I, "what chance of a game does the amateur stand in places like this?"

Being the star turn of the morning and, in addition, about to charge on to the court, it was perhaps inevitable that the famous player should display indifference.

"I haven't any opinion, I don't know," said she, grinning. Then her opponent joined her, and we indulged in a slight mutual glaring-match, for time was precious.

"I believe in as many courts as possible," this expert tossed to me over her shoulder, before dealing out one of those massive serves of hers in which the whole side of her body is involved.

Well—she won her single easily, each stroke followed by the audience, whose rows of little bold-heads turned from left to right as though pulled by a string.

She won. A voucher entitling her to so many pounds' worth on any London shop, and the battle was unpicked by a cousin of mine who, unable to forget that he is a Major, blared out the score in the parade manner.

### "VAN-TAGE—MISS X!"

Quite so. But what about us?

We "rotted" tennis players who love the game literally aren't catered for.

*Modern tennis* is the most intimidating function I know. It is so fashionable now, that its original purpose of enjoyment and exercise has been well and truly lost sight of!

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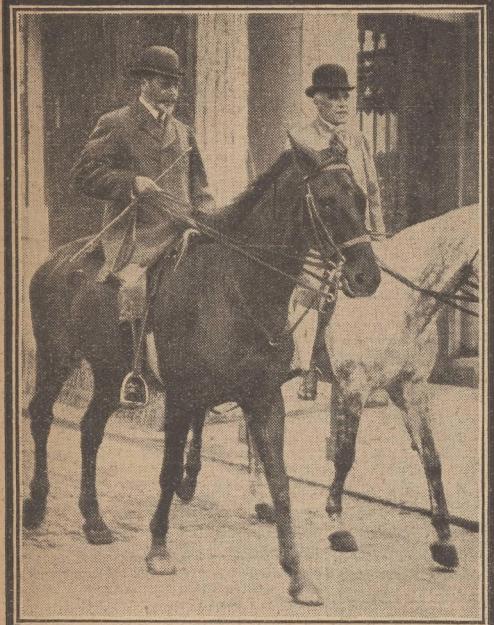
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## THE KING'S EARLY MORNING RIDE



The second Court of the season at Buckingham Palace did not conclude until nearly midnight, but the King was out at eight o'clock yesterday morning in Hyde Park. His Majesty's day always starts at an early hour.

## NOTABLE INHABITANTS AT NEW YORK "ZOO"



Two specimens of the very rare snake bird. The only wood ibis stork in North America. Distinguished feathered inhabitants of the New York Zoological Gardens, where a very fine collection is housed. The gardens are just as popular a place of public resort as the famous Zoo of London.



Dr. Krause, N.C., who becomes a Judge in Johannesburg. He surrendered that town to Lord Roberts.



COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.—Miss M. Conning, left, receiving the cup from Mrs. Smith, of Hexham, after winning the Northumberland County ladies' golf championship. She played a great game and won by 4 and 3 from Mrs. McCreath, of Berwick.



Augie Ratner, centre, out for a spin on the road with his manager and trainer.



Roland Todd, who is likely to be severely tested in meeting Ratner.



Todd with his little son at home in Doncaster. He feels like a winner.

**MONDAY'S BIG CONTEST.**—Roland Todd's meeting with Augie Ratner at Holland Park on Monday is keenly anticipated in sporting circles. An exceptionally interesting contest is expected. Genuine photographs will be published in *The Daily Mirror*.



FOOTBALL GROUND RECONSTRUCTION.—Returfing the football ground at St. James' Park, Newcastle, the home of Newcastle United. A thick layer of clinkers and sand forms a foundation for the turf and the ground is elaborately drained.



Mr. Eric Dunstan, who has been appointed assistant to Sir Reginald Hall, chief agent to the Unionist Party.

Miss Lilian C. Barker, C.B.E., the governor of the Borstal Institution for Girls. She is known as "Aunie."

### THE PRINCE'S SUIT.

**Three A's of Art—H. G. Wells and Russia—Are We Supercilious?**

A PRESENTATION of an unusual suit was made to the Prince of Wales during his visit to Leeds. It consisted of a "ready-made" suit of clothes, his Royal Highness thereby following in the footsteps of his father, the King, who ordered a "standard suit" from a clothing factory which he was inspecting during the war.

#### The Second Court.

The second Court was considerably more crowded than the previous one, and people had to wait an hour before getting their cars up. Champagne and hock cup were about equally divided as the favourite beverages, for it is noticeable that "Bubbly" is not the universal drink on these occasions that it once was.

#### Touches of Colour.

Jewels were, of course, well to the fore, but Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley was original enough to wear absolutely none—and contented herself with a tremendous yellow ostrich feather fan. Girls wore colours more than usual—perhaps because of the alleged encouragement of the Lord Chamberlain! among those who did being Miss Mary Latta, who was all in jade-green; she was presented by her mother, Lady Latta, who wore a fine tiara of diamonds.

#### In the Wings.

The Guitrys were anxious to hear Melba in "La Bohème" at Covent Garden last night, but there were no tickets left. Hearing of this, Melba invited them to go and stand in the wings and hear the first act. This they did, and afterwards went on to see the new revue, "Dover-street to Dixie," where they were joined by Prince Poniatowski, of Poland, who is in London for the season.

#### June Birthdays.

Two birthdays of note yesterday were those of the Earl of Albermarle, who was sixty-five, and Viscount FitzAlan, who was sixty-eight. The former is a keen yachtsman and shot and has a leaning towards art, but will mostly be remembered by Londoners as having commanded the C.I.V.s in the South African war. The latter was the last Vice-roy of Ireland, and is uncle of the Duke of Norfolk.

#### Bey of Tunis.

Every year some native potentate visits Paris as the guest of the French Government. Last year it was the Emperor of Annam. This year, my correspondent tells me, it will be the Bey of Tunis, who will arrive in July, and will attend the great military review on the 14th. It is probable that he will spend some time at Deauville during the season.

#### Handsome Sisters.

Lord and Lady D'Aberton are paying one of their periodic visits to London. Lady D'Aberton has always been accounted one of the best-looking women in London society, and when she was still known as Lady Helen Vincent was always much admired. She is one of several handsome sisters, the others being Lady Cynthia Graham, Lady Ulrica Baring, and the late Duchess of Leinster.

#### The Seely Family.

Colonel and Mrs. Frank Seely have taken 6, Andley-square for the season. Colonel Seely's home is in Nottingham, where he owns Ramsdale Park. He is a brother of Sir Charles Seely and of General Jack Seely. His first wife was a daughter of Lord Charles Russell, and the engagement of their daughter Leila to Viscount Hampden's heir was recently announced.



Lady D'Aberton

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

#### Royalty and Punctuality.

Owing to the illness of Princess Christian the Duke of Connaught and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke were unable to attend the special show of Cherry Kearton's "Wild Life Across the World" film at the Alhambra yesterday. The Duke was anxious to see these interesting pictures and, knowing the ways of the film folk, had written to request them to start punctually!

#### Water Diviner of the Desert.

One thing I learned from this film, which will be seen in July, is that the elephant is the water diviner of the jungle. He scents the water and removes the dry sand with his trunk. He continues this process until wet sand is found and then goes on until he reaches water level. Other animals follow and hence the "water hole" which is the animals' public drinking fountain.

#### Speaking Likenesses.

It was scarcely necessary to have a catalogue for the private view of Mr. de Laszlo's exhibition, for the pictures are all such "speaking likenesses," and a good many of the originals were there to look at themselves on canvas. The artist's wife wore a necklace which aroused a good deal of notice, for though it was a comparatively short one it was composed of the largest and heaviest lumps of crystal.

#### The Three A's.

There is Art, Advanced Art, and Advance—without the Art. All three are to be found at the exhibition of the New English Art Club at the society's galleries in Pall Mall East. This is an exhibition in which a catalogue is essential, for without it you will never be able to guess what some of the pictures represent. I am all in favour of Advance, but I think it is going too far when what appears to be haymaking in winter turns out to be the tide coming up in summer.

#### Self-Evident.

There are, nevertheless, many fine pictures in the show which—like Mr. de Laszlo's likenesses—speak for themselves through the absolute qualities of beauty, form and coherence. Such are the mountain scenes of Sir Charles Holmes. There is one Orpen in the exhibition, a water-colour drawing of a black pugilist waving his arms in the hour of victory. It is realistic but hardly beautiful.

#### New Art Gallery.

The Augustus John pictures, including the famous Suggia portrait which is soon to go to America, have been moved from the gallery of the Alpine Club to the Beaux Arts gallery, which is a new institution built by Major F. Lessore, the sculptor, out of part of his huge studio in Bruton-place.

#### Cromwell Gives Evidence!

In the Cromwell play at His Majesty's the sturdy Oliver's remark, "I respect not such ill reasoners as would keep all wine out of the country lest men should be drunk," is received with special applause. On the second night, when Ainley spoke this line, a gentleman in the dress circle stood up and shouted "Hear! Hear!"

#### Handel's Fight.

Handel, to whose admirable Life by Mr. Newman Flower I have already referred, had to overcome the opposition of a very powerful cabal before he established himself in England. Whenever he announced a new production, certain great ladies always made a point of sending out invitations for parties that evening in order to prevent the attendance of the leaders of fashion at his first nights.

#### Modesty?

Fierce controversy is raging over Mr. Sinclair Lewis' allegation that Englishmen are "supercilious." It seems to me that their alleged superciliousness is really due to an anxiety to reserve judgment on matters on which they are not qualified to form an opinion. Americans—especially American reporters—are a little too apt to expect every one to be prepared with a ready-made opinion about everything.

#### 'Tis June.

June, the month of roses and blue skies, has made a by no means inspiring start but if the weather prophets are to be relied upon better days are coming. To no one will the sunshine be more welcome than to the drapers and dressmakers.

#### Truth About Russia.

Reliable information as to the actual conditions in Russia is contained in a pamphlet published in Prague. The author is Pitrin Sorokin, a scholarly young Russian, who was exiled last autumn from his professorship of sociology at Petrograd University. The gist of his criticism is as follows:—"After five years of work for the revolution I looked upon its face and understood that it was the face of a beast."

#### Too Sincere.

An American friend of the author relates that when H. G. Wells visited Russia and was the guest of its leading literary men Sorokin was the man chosen to paint for him a roseate picture of conditions under the Soviet régime, and began instead to speak what he believed to be the truth. Thereupon Gorky, who was acting as toastmaster, interrupted the young professor and obliged him to sit down.

#### "Eights" Debate.

"That this House envies its grandchildren" was the "question put" at the Eights Week debate at the Oxford Union. Serious subjects give place to one for the display of oratorical fireworks during "Eights." Mr. Hilaire Belloc, one of the most brilliant Presidents the Union has known, was the distinguished visitor who spoke at this debate.

#### Another "Boat Race."

Scotland also has its "boat race." To-day crews from Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities will meet on the Clyde, and as special training has been in progress for several weeks an exciting tussle is expected. Later this month a crew from Leeds University will race against Glasgow University.



Mr. Morley Roberts, the novelist, whose stories on the cause of cancer have attracted expert notice.



Miss Winnie Melville Challis, wife of mystery man Mr. Derek Oldham, the light opera singer.

#### What Will He Say?

Much interest is being taken at Oxford in the forthcoming visit of the Prime Minister, who is to be the guest of the Chatham and Canning Club at their annual dinner on June 8. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Austen Chamberlain made important political pronouncements when addressing audiences of Oxford undergraduates.

#### Lord Curzon's Jests.

Lord Curzon, snatching an hour from Foreign Affairs, may have thought of Danton and the masons as he stopped his address on Ancient Monuments because of the hammering of a workman in the next room. He smiled as he remarked that "evidently an iconoclast is at work, lending point to my appeal."

#### Bouquets for Mr. Squire.

Graceful and comprehensive were the compliments Lord Curzon paid Mr. J. C. Squire, who spoke on "Ancient Buildings in Literature." Indeed, to one of Mr. Squire's unassuming air the sketch of him as "critic, journalist and one of the foremost of our men of letters" was almost too much—but for its obvious sincerity.

#### Domestic Novelty.

An amusing and at the same time extremely useful novelty has made its appearance in the Paris shops. It is a small saucepan for boiling milk. By means of an ingenious contrivance, when the milk begins to boil, a bell on the side of the saucepan rings.

THE RAMBLER.



*Fry's for Good*

To keep you going

Just make a break in the morning's hard round, and have a cup of Fry's Pure Breakfast Cocoa.

In thinking of your family you must think of yourself. You need nourishment, and the more easily prepared and enjoyable, the better.

So sit down, rest a moment, and drink a delicious cup of Fry's.

**Fry's** PURE BREAKFAST **Cocoa**

7½d. per quarter lb. tin

## IRISH AND SCOTS GOLF CHAMPIONS



Left, Dr. McCormack receiving cup from Lord Chief Justice O'Connor, as winner of the All-Ireland close golf championship at Milltown, Co. Dublin. Right, A. Butchart, winner of the Scottish professional championship with the trophies of his victory on the Western Garles links.



## ON THE DOWNS



The gypsies have begun to arrive in force on Epsom Downs for the great racing festival. Here are a few of the early arrivals enjoying a cup of tea on the steps of their caravan, which is their moving home.

## VILLAGE INDUSTRY



Girls at Kenton village school being胎 lace. It is an old village industry in the from its revival und



A nurse with one of her small charges.



Baby scholars have a lesson in flower arrangement.

**BRADFORD BABY SCHOLARS.**—At a nursery school for children from two to five years which is being very successfully conducted at Bradford. Most of the mothers are workers in the mills and it is a great boon for them to have their little ones cared for so well. They pay 2s. 6d. a week.



**BISLEY SHOOT.**—Members of the Englis' Eights Club hold their annual 1,000-yards competition at Bisley. Inset, a long and strong pull through during an interval. There was some good shooting though the light was not all that might be desired.



Sir Maurice Hankey, appointed Clerk to the Privy Council in succession to Sir Almeric FitzRoy.



**OXFORD'S CYCLING CARNIVAL.**—Velocipedes and old-time "bikes" in the cycling carnival which was one of the concluding features of Eights Week at Oxford.



**PLEASANT INSTITUTE.**—Pyemont, champion of John's College (Oxford), instructing a lady the bow. "Lady" annual



A general view of the course and crowd during the first day's racing.

**MOTOR RACE MEETING ON SKEGNESS SANDS.**—The first motor race meeting on the sea shore at Skegness was a great success, and will doubtless be followed by many more. A contest between aero-

## TRY REVIVED

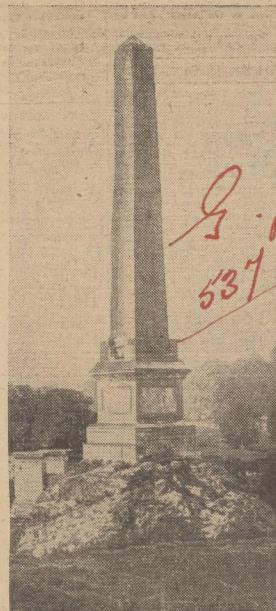


how to make Buckinghamshire pillow  
unty and good results are anticipated  
atter-day conditions.



Mr. Joseph Conrad,  
the famous author,  
who ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> to  
curtail his visit to  
the U.S.A.

## BLOWN TO BITS



The obelisk at Drogheda, erected in 1736 to commemorate the battle of the Boyne, which has been blown to pieces. No clues have been found suggesting who the perpetrators of the outrage could be.

## OUR NEW P.M.G.'S TELEPHONE SMILE



Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, the new Postmaster-General, takes up his duties at the G.P.O. He seems to be enjoying his first experience of the telephone service at headquarters. Perhaps he will be able to bring similar smiles to the faces of all telephone users.



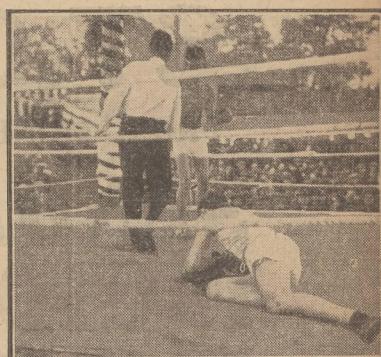
**CRICKETING DEBUTANTE.**—Miss Wykeham-Masgrave, a debutante at the first Court at Buckingham Palace, offers a few words of encouragement to a debutante friend on her way to the second Court.



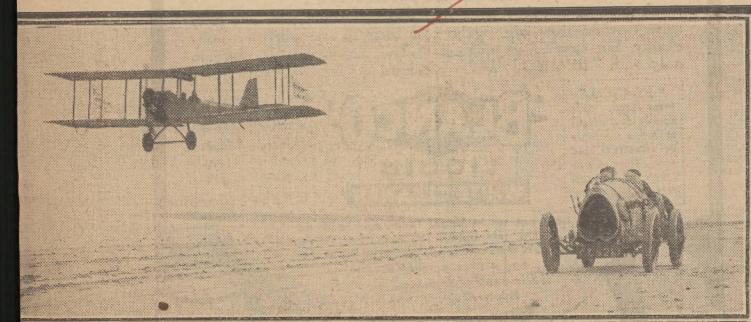
**CTION.**—Mr. W. Archer of the St. James's Archery Club, and how to wield "day" is an an-



**FILM STAR'S WEDDING.**—Miss Katherine McDonald, one of the most beautiful of "movie" stars, married to Mr. Charles Schen Johnson, a Philadelphia millionaire, at Ventnor City, N.J.



**JAPS IN THE RING.**—A knock-out during a boxing contest between students of a Japanese college. Boxing has become exceedingly popular among the students, many of whom show great aptitude.



An exciting finish in aeroplane v. motor-car race—a much-appreciated event.

plane and car, won by the former by a "short head," proved particularly to the liking of a considerable gathering of spectators.



Rev. Dr. E. C. Pearce, nominated for a third term as Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University.



**ON A NEW STAGE.**—Miss Ellen Terry broadcasts the "Hubert and Arthur" scene from King John. She also broadcast an appeal on behalf of the blind, for whose affliction she has always had a deep and practical sympathy.

LAST  
WEEK

You Can  
Use  
This Coupon

TO WIN A SHARE OF THE

**£7,000**

PRIZE MONEY IN THE

**SUNDAY  
PICTORIAL  
FILM CONTEST**

(CLOSING DATE—JUNE 7).

You only have to select what you consider to be the twelve best and most popular films contained in the list below, and send your coupon and postal order for one shilling to "SUNDAY PICTORIAL" CINEMA CONTEST, 26, Eccleston Square, S.W. 1, before June 7.

**THE LAST TWO COUPONS AND FULL PARTICULARS WILL BE FOUND IN TO-MORROW'S "SUNDAY PICTORIAL."**

**TWENTY FAMOUS FILMS FROM WHICH YOU MUST SELECT TWELVE.**

- A—Way Down East.
- B—Over the Hill.
- C—The Nest.
- D—Pay Day.
- E—The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.
- F—Orphans of the Storm.
- G—The Squall.
- H—Queen of Sheba.
- I—Squids Wins the Calcutta Sweep.
- J—Peacock Alley.
- K—A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.
- L—Through the Back Door.
- M—Rob Roy.
- N—Millionairess.
- O—The Molly Coddie.
- P—The Kid.
- Q—Nights of the North.
- R—Billie Dove.
- S—The Great Day.
- T—A Sailor-Made Man.

**CUT COUPON NEATLY ROUND THIS LINE**

My list of the best and most popular twelve films in order of merit is as follows:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

(Indicate name of film by the initial letter only, PRINTED IN BLOCK LETTERS. Thus if you consider "Pay Day" the most popular film of all you will place the letter "D" underneath No. 1) You must pay for each of the twelve films selected, subject to the conditions published in the "Sunday Pictorial" and agree to abide by such conditions as may be necessary in the discretion of the Competitors upon all matters and questions which may arise in connection with this Competition as absolutely final and legally binding.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

**PERSONAL.**  
Rate 1s. per word (minimum 8s.) and name and address must be sent. Trade ads. 1s. 6d. per word.

**SUPERFLUOUS** hair permanently removed from face with "Tatcho-Tone" (see page 26). Price 1s. 6d. 6d. per tube. **Grande-Ville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W.12. Min. Tube.** COPIES of photographs appearing in "The Daily Mirror" may be purchased by readers at the usual prices on application off the line.

**GREY HAIR.**—Touch up the first ones with Tatcho-Tone; trial phial 8d.—Tatcho-Tone, 5, Great Queen-st, W.C.

**LOCAL AMUSEMENTS.**

**ADELPHI.**—Nightly, at 8.15. Mats, Thurs and Sat. 2.30. **BATTING BUTLER.** Jack Buchanan, Phyllis Titmuss.

**BYWICH**—(Gerr. 3929). Evgs. 8.15. **TONS OF MONEY.** Willy Fritsch, 2.30. **COMEDY.** 2.30. **CONFIDENTIAL.**

**ALHAMBRA.**—(Gerr. 5042). Daily, 2.30. 6.10 and 8.45.

**YOU'D BE SURPRISED.**—Usual Prices. 5s. to 9d.

**AMBASSADOR.**—THE PICCADILLY PURITAN.

Tues at 8.45. (Last 1s. 6d. per word)

**APOLLO.**—WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS. By J. M. Barrie. Every Evening at 8.15. Mat, Tu, Th. 2.30.

**COMEDY.**—Every Evening at 8.30. Mats, Tu, Th. 2.30.

**COURT.**—(Gerr. 848). To-night 8.15. Mats, Tu, Th. 2.30.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—(Gerr. 3929). Tues and Fri. 2.30.

**COURT.**—(Gerr. 239). Tues, 8.30. Mats, Tu, Th. 2.30.

**CRITERION.**—2.30 and 9.

**CHARLES HAWTREY** in **JACOB.** Tues and Sat. 2.30.

**DALYS.**—Straw. Mats, Tues and Sat. 2.30.

**DRUM.**—(Lane. 2.30s-9). Mats, Wed and Sat. at 2.15.

**DRUM.**—(Lane. 2.30s-9). Mat, To-day 2.15. Last night 9. **EDWARD VII.**—(Lane. 2.30s-9). **DUKE OF YORK.**—(Lane. 2.30s-9). **EDWARD VIII.**—(Lane. 2.30s-9). **EMPIRE.**—Evgs. 8.30.

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# PIP AND SQUEAK

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1923

## THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

No. 86.—PETER OVERTURNS A BEEHIVE: A MOST EXCITING (AND PAINFUL) ADVENTURE.



1. The day promised well for the pets' picnic. "We'll have a lovely time," said Squeak.



2. But an unexpected visitor suddenly arrived—none other than mischievous Peter, the celebrated puppy.



3. Of course Pip invited Peter to join the picnic party... and off they trotted together very gaily.



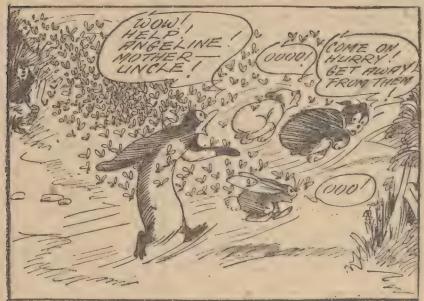
4. And then, running along a country lane, they came across a beehive. "What is that?" asked Pip.



5. Now Peter never troubles to ask questions—he just went up to the hive and pushed it over!



6. You can see what happened! Our flew the bees in a terrible rage. Note Peter's pained expression.



7. All four pets tore away as hard as they could, but swarms of angry bees followed them.



8. To make matters worse the owner of the bees threw a pail of water over the innocent Squeak!



9. This is the sad ending of the adventure. Pip, always a sportsman, took naughty Peter's part.

## "I-WONDER-WHY" HERBERT: No. 16.

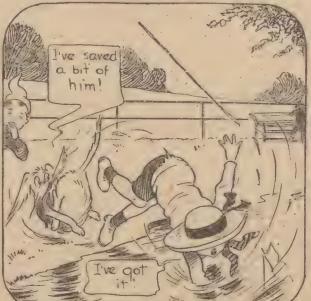
This week Herbert is like Helpful Horace, and Horace is like "I-Wonder-Why" Herbert!



1. Herbert kindly offered to help the little boy recover his toy boat.



2. "I can almost reach it with my stick," he said, leaning over the pond.



3. Unfortunately, he lost his balance and fell with a splash in the water!



4. He got the boat—but Nurse had something to say to him about his wet clothes.

## THE TWO LITTLE PIGGIE-WIGGIES



## PENGUIN DRESSES.

Summer Frocks and Frills for Squeak.

As you know, I have offered prizes for the best suggestions from readers for summer frocks which will be suitable for Squeak. And many of you have responded—received dozens of patterns, besides a number of the most fetching gowns, jumpers and dresses, which have sent Squeak into transports of delight.

Here you see some of the most startling designs from my nieces.

I am afraid these are rather too showy to suit Squeak—especially the



braided affair in the top left-hand corner, which looks rather like a Cosack's uniform to me!

The hat just below it doesn't strike me as being particularly rip-to-date. Somehow that enormous feather reminds me of the fashions of twenty years ago!

What Squeak really wants is a light, cool frock for the summer. Bright colours suit her, but not sheer or delicate as in favour of too many frills and furbelows. If you haven't sent a pattern yet, do so at once.



Daily Mirror Office, Saturday, June 2, 1923.

Y DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

**M**Holidays are not so far away! Have you thought about them yet? I always think that, with the arrival of June, we get our first touch of "holiday longing"—that, I think, is the only way to describe it. Next month, perhaps, just a few weeks from now, we shall, if we are lucky, be climbing into that magic Holiday Express and on our way to the glorious freedom of the countryside or the seaside. My word, wouldn't I just like to go away now!

It is not too early to make your holiday plans; it is certainly not too early to start that holiday money-box—a few jingling shillings in your pocket are tremendously welcome on such occasions! Also, if you like doing it, you may start "crossing off the days."

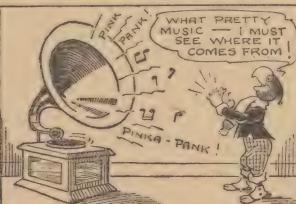
"STRAWBERRIES-AND-CREAM" MONTH.

Some boys and girls I know begin "crossing off the days" to the holidays in February or March, but time seems so tremulously slow and July such an immense distance away that they usually give up the task in despair! Now, however, you may make a start and feel that you really are getting near to the holidays at last!

June is a lovely month—one of my favourite months of the year. It is the month of good things to eat—strawberries and green peas—yum, yum!—will be here in a week or two. I'm afraid, when I think of June, I always think first of strawberries and cream!

Your affectionate Uncle Dick.

ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE: Where does the gramophone music come from? Horace hasn't found out yet.



1. Helpful Horace was wondering where the music inside the gramophone came from.

2. He decided to find out—by breaking the gramophone open with a chisel!

3. Then there was a bang—but Horace doesn't know where the music comes from!

START THIS FINE SERIAL TO-DAY.



FOR NEW READERS.

Pamela, Paul and Babs have discovered a mysterious door in Professor Pigeon's study, where they are staying. While they are trying to open it, they are interrupted by the Professor.

THE PLOT—AND A SURPRISE.

FOR a moment Professor Pigeon glared at the three children without speaking. Then he said angrily: "What do you mean by forcing that door?"

Paul flushed. "I wasn't forcing it!" he protested. "We only wanted to know—"

"That will do!" snapped the Professor. "You've no right to want to know anything. You are only children! Be quiet!" he added, testily, as Pamela, amazed and indignant, was about to speak. "I don't want you to know! Listen to me. I forbade you ever to come back to this room again, or touch that door, or speak about it to anyone. Do you understand? If I find that you have disobeyed me I shall write at once to your parents. Now go!"

He looked so angry that the children slunk away in silence, feeling very small indeed. Babs was quietly sobbing—she wasn't quite sure what it all was about, but she knew that they were in disgrace. Pamela was trying to look dignified, and Paul was muttering to himself: "Only children! Only children!"

As soon as they were outside in the passage again they all broke out into indignant chatter: "Phew! what a lecture!"—"What a cheek, you mean! Only children, indeed! Why, I'm fourteen in seven and a half months!"

"Nasty old thing!" grumbled Paul. "Why

can't he tell us the secret of the little green door?"

"I should like to know what all the mystery is about," said Pam. "Why, the Professor was quite—quite trembly. And he's never, never been so unkempt before!"

"I'm going to pin him out!" murmured Paul darkly. "His eyes suddenly brightened. "I've got a great idea! The next time he's in his study we'll put a pail of water on top of the door! Then he'll get a drenching when he comes out!"

"Oh, Paul!" cried Pamela, shocked. But Babs danced with joy. "Yes, yes, yes!" she shouted gleefully.

At last Pamela—rather guiltily, perhaps—consented to the mischievous plot. Of course, it



Paul placed the pail of water on top of the door.

was very wrong of the three children, but they felt themselves injured by the Professor. They did not know that his anger had been caused by great agitation over the Professor feared they had discovered his secret.

The three conspirators waited eagerly for their victim to retire to his study; but Professor Pigeon did not appear again that day. He had "vanished," as he so often did.

Early the next morning Paul peeped into the study, but no one was there. He was about to creep away, when he noticed a small piece of paper on the floor.

Picking it up carelessly, the boy was surprised to see the strange word "Noegip" scrawled across it.

"Noegip?" Whatever does it mean? he wondered. He looked at the word for a few minutes; then suddenly he realised that it was simply "Pigeon" spelt the wrong way round.

Paul was a sharp boy, and he knew that the Professor was not likely to write his name backwards just for the fun of the thing. What was the reason?

"I can't make it out! This is the most mysterious house I've ever heard of!" he exclaimed. "We were right when we called it Mystery Towers!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Paul!"

"Well!" Paul sped silently along the hall in answer to Pamela's whispered greeting. "Is he there?"

"Yes, I can hear him moving about in his study," said Pamela. "Quick! Have you got the nail? Hush, Babs! Don't giggle!"

They were standing outside the Professor's study door and the two girls hurriedly took cover behind the stairs as Paul cautiously fetched a big pail, full to the brim with water.

The boy could hear someone moving inside the study. It sounded as if drawers and cupboards were being quickly opened, and once or twice there was a snap, as if a book had been thrown on the ground.

Now was the time to lay the trap!

Motoring the girls to keep out of sight, Paul quickly mounted on to a chair. The door was ajar, and, with trembling hands, the boy placed the pail very carefully on the top.

As he did so he heard steps inside the study.

"My hat! I mustn't be copped!" he gasped, springing down from the chair.

He was too late. The door swung open, a tall figure appeared and the pail, toppling over, fell with a splash right on the victim's head!

The girls had fled, stifling their mirth; but Paul stayed, rooted to the ground with amazement. For it was not Professor Pigeon who stood there, gasping and struggling and streaming with water; it was Mr. Morgan, the mystery man!

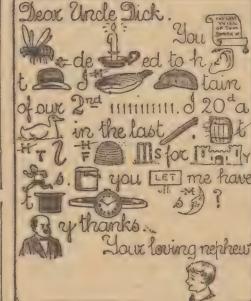
(Another grand instalment next week.)

PUZZLE LETTER.

Solve It and Win a Cheque.

CAN you read this letter which Christopher has sent me? The young boy wrote it in a puzzle form and it took me quite a long time to disentangle it!

When you have solved it, write your solution on a card, and send it, with



FUN AND THRILLS UNDER THE SEA



# A DEBT OF HONOUR

By MAY  
EDGINTON

## THE STORY SO FAR.



Anna Land.

**ANNA LAND,** employed as a forewoman at the Garnet Printing Works, London, has a sister, Lucia, Mrs. Garnet, some ten years older than herself, who has had three husbands and is rich in worldly possessions. Lucia is a resolute, pleasure-loving, Anna, young, pure, idealistic, willing to sacrifice everything to self-expression, which she loves much. The manager of the Garnet works is Bertram Silver, a strong saturnine individual, who loves Anna.

King Garnet, owner of the Garnet Works, meets Anna and employs her as his personal maid. Once again he discovers he is the Garnet's son and heir by a former marriage, and that King Garnet is his half-brother and a pauper. He ejects Mrs. Garnet and King summarily from the house which is now his.

King secures employment as a waiter at a restaurant where Anna has been engaged singing at five pounds a week. He learns that Silver has extracted Anna a half-promising that she will allow him to pay the expenses of a song recital, and is bitterly angry.

He determines to obtain the money himself, and for that purpose calls on Silver, whose secretary, Mrs. Jarvis, is the young man whom Lucia foolishly admires, receives him. Bobby promises him what he wants if he will get Silver out of the way for one day and so prevent a certain financial deal which leaves no contemplation.

King successfully abducts Lucia and half-brother and leaves him on Dartmoor. He then arranges that the money shall reach Anna as if it were a legacy.

Anna makes a great name as singer and song-writer, but is really born on more modest fortunes. Meanwhile Lucia, tired of the world's shallow compensations, retires to a convent. Silver, recklessly extravagant, is reproved by his solicitor.

## HOME TRUTHS.

"**N**O wise man ever speculates on other people's calculations," Maddox continued. "You'd better have stuck to your inheritance, the Printing Works. Let us see what we have left."

Maddox pursed his lips over what they had left, and he shook his head and looked very reasonably at Silver.

"We have left," said he, frowning, "something like a hundred thousand pounds invested at 5 per cent., which you will scarcely get with safety, and I do not advise you, with your proclivities (I speak frankly, with apologies) to go into anything that isn't safe. Your income should reach about £5,000, or something less perhaps. Do not reckon on more. Your income tax on that will be £1,000."

"Joyeux!" cried Silver. "I shan't have four thousand to my left."

"You will still, last February, when your income was more like £400, that would have seemed a tidy sum—eh?"

"This isn't last February!"

"No, I appreciate it, Mr. Garnet. There has been much water under the bridge since then. However, you can live an adequate bachelor life on between three and four thousand a year. I could well think of getting down to little one myself if I were you. Any garage will give you an estimate for upkeep. I should sell the house and take a nice flat. Then you will be able to afford yourself a little shooting and a run over to Paris, and so on."

"Talking of shooting, this moor is costing you three thousand pounds—eh?"

"It is," said Silver.

"Magnificently your new yearly income."

"Well?"

"What was the estimate for the stable? Let me see—£10,000?"

Silver perspired.

"Sell the stable, sub-rent the moor at the best figure you can get and cut your losses," advised Maddox.

"But—well—I've got a big shooting party."

"You have got you?" said Maddox, and, looking dispassionately at Silver, he wondered how he achieved it.

The next moment Silver was explaining.

"My stepmother is acting as hostess, and she and Lady Mabel Conway made a list of guests. A man must have a lady if he entertains."

"Lady Mabel Conway," mused Maddox, "daughter of the late Earl of Aldersley, sister of the present earl, who isn't going to live next year out, it is said. Girl with about twelve thousand a year of her own; will have fifty. Yes."

"Sweet girl, too," said Silver, sentimentally, "very sweet. So sympathetic and understanding."

Maddox eyed him.

"I couldn't give up the shoot this autumn," added Silver earnestly. "It's gone too far."

"Very well," said Maddox; "but I'll see the stable disposed of for you, shall I, and the house?"

"I suppose so," Silver muttered, gloomily.

"And the cars?"

"Oh, I'll want 'em both up north, won't I?"

"Dare say you will. Sell one of 'em—the big one—when the shooting party's over. And remember, my dear sir, retrench! As for servants—"

"I want every man-jack of 'em up north, shan't I? And there's a whole army of keepers and beaters and what not."

Maddox threw up his hands.

"Very well," he said. "Go to ruin your own way."

"I'll pull up directly the shooting party's over."

"My dear sir," said Maddox, "pulling up is

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

the hardest thing in the world. You've learnt the easy lesson of spending and squandering. You learned that quick. But this is a different job. You'll mean well, and say to yourself: 'I'll save on this, but I must have that; I'll sell that, but I must keep this.' Now, I say to you, set this and sell that. Swap clean Begin again. Two hundred thousand pounds since February! Good lord!"

Even the lawyer sat aghast.

Silver gloomed.

"You spend at the rate of over ten thousand a year, too," said Maddox. "These figures you have shown me, and that you have asked your bank to show me, we have gone into them and prepared a statement, and you spend at that rate. Shall I tell you the truth?"

"Certainly," said Silver. "If it will help."

Maddox replied, "but it is this: You don't know how to be a rich man."

Silver rose in what dignity was left to him and went out of the office, mortally offended.

## THE GIFT-BRINGER.

HIS car was at the door—the big limousine, with Jarvis at the wheel. Silver yapped "Bruton Street!" and flung himself in.

So he went to Lady Mabel.

Silva was in, and alone.

Silver went along into the long green drawing-room and instantly found balm.

Lady Mabel ordered fresh tea, and gave orders that she was at home to no one else.

Silver sat down beside her.

She was a very little thing, easy and pliant in mind and body, and she had grown to like him very much indeed.

She liked a man who made a noise, it seemed to her weakness so masculine a thing to do. A man who made a noise swayed little Lady Mabel in the rolling wind passing over a slender red head and bending the reed to its will.

She said in her sympathetic way: "You're tired."

"With business," said Silver.

She looked at him as admiringly as she used to look at his step-brother.

"You're so different to most of the men one meets," she mused softly.

He sat far forward in a declamatory attitude at once.

"I suppose I am. I know I am. Big, rough, brutal, I must seem to you," he said modestly, and his heart swelled. "I've been called a

## A LOVER'S LONGING.

He was miserably conscious of the Little Lady's beauty, of her slim figure outlined by the blue velvet dress, of the whiteness of her hands, of the little wanton curls that would rouse desire.

He wanted to reach across and touch her, to make sure that, seated there like a figure of carved ivory, she was real and warm to the fingers.

He longed, with the longing of four years' restraint, to tell her the tale of his love, so very little different from all those other lovers' tales, but to him more vital than any. He wanted to lay his arms, to crush her to him, to kiss the cold tips which showed like a thread of scarlet in the half-light.

Such was Peter Cowdray's hopeless love for the Little Lady, who kept the flower shop in Carnaby-street.

You shall read of her adventures and her amazing charm and winsomeness in the great new story, "The Little Lady," which begins serial publication in *The Daily Mirror* next Wednesday.

I've been told I'm made of iron. Perhaps I am. I suppose a man like me must be always doing things. Always up and doing things—the bigger the better.

"I can't be trivial. It isn't my fault; it just isn't me. But yes—I suppose it makes me very different, makes me stand alone very much."

It makes you stand right out from the others, she responded.

"Yes, yes. But we're lonely fellows, my kind."

"The biggest men always are," said Lady Mabel, looking at him ecstatically.

And she saw in him all she longed to see; what she was always willing and waiting to see—would have been ready to see in any man who wished to let her do so—the essence of devotion, courage and palpitating romance.

"That doesn't make up for the loneliness, though."

She looked down, thrilling to the core of her. Silver went on: "And we take the strain of big things because we can't help ourselves; it's in our nature to do it. But, by gad! Mabel—Lady Mabel, I beg your pardon—"

"No," said she. "Mabel. I like it—from my—"

The very cockles of Silver's heart were warm and glowing.

"I was going to say, the strain of big things is a big strain. It fairly battles at one sometimes. I've had a bad week."

"Oh, misfortunes?"

He could not confess to her failure, misfortune or anything so ignominious.

He left her free, female, to assimilate whatever he found most suitable, and waving a hand largely said, "Oh, don't let's call things that. It's weak. And I hate weakness. I have no place for it at all in my composition. I've had a week of strain and great responsibilities.

I may lose, I suppose, but I'll win again. Why I don't keep it to myself, I don't know. It's not for your little head, my dear."

The words "my dear" slipped out of Silver's patronisingly, but when he had spoken them he instantly realised that they might have a meaning.

The meaning and all it might imply to so simple a woman had only just entered his head like a streak of light, when Mabel stretched out her hand.

He took it on the wave of the astounding, the tremendous, the gratifying idea.

She faltered.

"Silver, I sometimes have thought that—that—"

that Mabel had thought was transparently clear even to so mean a psychologist as Silver.

The miracle of the idea was so overwhelming, his gratification so inordinate, his sense of the picture in which he was participating grew so dramatic—his whole life being to him the most thrilling drama of the movies—that, drawn by that little hand, he just knelt before her and said:

"Mabel, will you marry me?"

Even he could hardly believe it. An earl's daughter and sister of an earl, with twelve young a year certain and probably fifty, and he—Silver Garnet!

The triumph on Silver's face appeared to Mabel as she made pride of her bold and courageous, and she was devastated by it.

She slid into his arms and, nothing loth, he kissed her.

"Lady Mabel Garnet!" he thought.

Only half an hour ago he had been with Maddox, a most crestfallen and humbled man; now he was one crescendo of triumph again.

He kissed Mabel and crushed her little soft hands in the arms that seemed to her—for lack of comparison with other arms—abundantly fine and strong.

In Silver's head ran a clear stream of thought.

The moor would be all right now, the stable—yes, perhaps, the cars, certainly. The servants in sufficient quantity could be retained, and the estates to most exclusive houses would be his.

Mabel, the gift-bringer, he approved of and appreciated her.

For the first time, perhaps, in his life he made a serious judgment that was perfectly right. He judged that he could easily make her happy. All the little half-cold half-pathetic things yearned for was that some man should take triumphant possession of her and be deified.

Silver had no objections to becoming a deity. He liked it, and knew that it was eminently right. His mind running on the talk with Maddox, he asked her eagerly: "Mabel—when?"

She loved his eagerness, and whispered: "Soon after Christmas, Silver?"

"Not sooner?"

"Oh, Silver, my trouser! And I have engagements—and you'd like everything done beautifully! Silver, not rushed—not scrambled."

Then Silver said, in a lordly way to himself, "By Jove! Yes! Beautifully it shall be done."

He visioned St. Margaret's and red carpets, and the murmuring smart congregation, and, nearer to him, the congratulations of his guests in Yorkshire, when, at his own table, the engagement should be announced.

Following that, the announcement in the "Morning Post" and "The Times," and the meeting with august relatives of the future bride, and the paragraphs in society papers saying—

Between her days with the Cottismore Hunt Lady Mabel Conway finds time to run up to town and add to the wonderful trousseau she is collecting for her marriage with Mr. Silver Garnet.

She was in Bond-street yesterday, looking radiant, accompanied by her friend, who is really becoming the most talked-of man in London. He, of course, is, etc., etc.

These gratifications flashed through Silver's mind in a series of pictures, and, not being in any particular lover's hurry to link himself with Mabel, he suddenly sensed how he could enjoy the ceremonial and panoply of it all.

His world would revel in every little bit.

Silvers' financial affairs pressed a little—not unduly, but with infinite prospects ahead. Only they must not be forgotten.

"Very, very early in the spring, then, darling," he commanded. When he left Mabel at last—she could hardly let him go; she was eager and flushed and thrilled to a degree which added'd to his satisfaction—he walked on air.

But in the street the green drawing-room faded, Mabel's clinging hands had no lingering power, all about Mabel was transient, she did not hold a man.

He thought of Anna. It was a red thought. He suddenly realised "I give her up?"

He had reason to make a detour on his way home, and the car passed the Charlton Restaurant.

It was as if Anna was with him.

He stopped in his rattlin' in the restaurant with him, slim and splendid. Absent or present, a man could see her. Across sea and across land her magnetism drifted. He did not know where she was; and yet it seemed that she was there.

She was one of the unfading, heart-breaking, royal women.

Silver sat upright in the car; his fists clenched on his knee, his teeth clenched upon each other.

His mood of triumph became vindictive. He went home and dined alone; his silence punctuated by telephone calls, before she went out, after she came in, seemingly at every available moment, from Lady Mabel.

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# TO-DAY'S WINDSOR RACE CARD.

**Yesterday's Results at Doncaster and Salisbury.**

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Folies 3... H. Smith 7 1 Tako 3 4

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Golden Knight 1... Griggs 8 7

Alibi 1... Arliss 8 7

Mosaic 1... R. Marsh 9 0 Harry 8 4

Ratinka 1... C. Waugh 9 0 Spear 8 4

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Foreign Legion 1... R. Watson 8 12 Tank 8 4

Friar's Delight 1... R. Watson 8 12 Sunshot 1... Cottrill 8 4

Mayhem 1... Gata 8 7 Tonic 8 4

Soldier 1... Taylor 8 7 The Patrie 1... Morton 8 4

Canhego 1... Piss 8 7 Gymnas 8 4

Vanilla 1... Tako 8 7 Impetuous 8 4

Arundel 1... Piss 8 7 Potency 8 7

Water Baby 1... Plait 8 7 Circus Queen Morton 8 4

Polygamous 1... Plait 8 7 Ponies 8 4

Skirt 1... Ponies 8 4 Woofton 8 4

Harmony 1... C. Leader 8 7 Catriona Wilcox 8 4

Shopaholic 1... Wilcox 8 4 Madeline 8 4

Lovely 1... Wilcox 8 4 Dawson 8 4

Shoppaholic 1... Wilcox 8 4 Dawson 8 4

Fizzer 1... Persie 8 7 Teratina R. Marsh 8 4

Poileous 1... F. Hartigan 8 7 Servilia 8 4

Socrates 1... F. Hartigan 8 7 Servilia 8 4

Taxpayer 1... J. Hodges 8 7 Star 8 4

Zest 1... J. Hodges 8 7 Star 8 4

False Pride 1... F. Leader 8 7 Lemondra G. Sader 8 4

Air Trip 1... F. Leader 8 7 Thordale Morton 8 4

Larkin 8 7 Montague Stratton 8 4

Murkong 1... Montague Stratton 8 4

Malcontent 1... R. Dawson 8 7 Irish Crossing Ward 8 4

Ward 8 4 Irish Cell Ward 8 4

2.30—**HOLYPORT H.D.C.P.**, 200yds; 51.

Young Visiter 5 1/2 Catalina 8 7

His Excellency 5 1/2 Catalina 8 7

First House 5 1/2 Montague Stratton 8 4

House 5 1/2 Montague Stratton 8 4

Beaula 1... Star 8 4 Confirmation 7 1/2

Churchwarden 1... Star 8 4 Confirmation 7 1/2

Shambles 1... Star 8 4 Confirmation 7 1/2

Ad Astram 1... Star 8 4 Confirmation 7 1/2

Paschenham 1... Star 8 4 Confirmation 7 1/2

Rhodarena 1... Star 8 4 Confirmation 7 1/2

Mr. M. St. John 1... Star 8 4 Confirmation 7 1/2

Fancy Boy 1... G. Pool 8 7 Wisdom 8 4

Marakin 1... M. Rhodes 8 1/2 Wisdom 8 4

Marakin 1... M. Rhodes 8 1/2 Wisdom 8 4

Marakin 1... M. Rhodes 8 1/2 Wisdom 8 4

Prif' Knight 1... G. Pool 8 7 Wisdom 8 4

Long 1... Dulier 8 0 Montague Stratton 8 4

Long 1... Dulier 8 0 Montague Stratton 8 4

Graceful Baby 1... Dulier 8 0 Montague Stratton 8 4

Graceful Baby 1... Dulier 8 0 Montague Stratton 8 4

Aladios 1... Gilber 8 0 Montague Stratton 8 4

Brother Bill 1... H. Ward 8 1/2 Montague Stratton 8 4

Mr. 1... F. Leader 8 7 Montague Stratton 8 4

Be Hopful Faulkner 1... H. Ward 8 1/2 Montague Stratton 8 4

Green Wh. O. Pool 8 7 Redshank Huiman 8 7

Redshank Huiman 8 7

3.0—**ROYAL WINDSOR H.D.C.P.**, 300yds; 11m.

Hatchford Farquharson 8 1 Old Nick 7 1/2

Sunriser 1... R. Day 7 0 Perhaps 7 1/2

Slavey 1... P. Martin 7 0 Perhaps 7 1/2

Arrow arr'd 1... Apron 7 1/2 Perhaps 7 1/2

Holy Friar 1... De Meete 8 0 Blazone F. Hartigan 8 1/2

Holy Friar 1... De Meete 8 0 Blazone F. Hartigan 8 1/2

Tetragon 1... R. Shadwell 8 1/2 Castle 8 1/2

Mounaie 1... Cottrill 8 1/2 Staff Gown 8 1/2

Cripstone 1... J. Rhodes 8 1/2 Argus Navis 8 1/2

Ms. 1... R. Dawson 8 1/2 Dancer 8 1/2

Bombay D'ck R. Dawson 8 1/2 Montcalm Lines 4

G. Sader 8 1/2 Saucy Guerre Clements 7 1/2

Mr. Choc 1... G. Sader 8 1/2 Saucy Guerre Clements 7 1/2

Black Oracle 1... Morris 8 1/2 Saucy Guerre Clements 7 1/2

End Over End 8 1/2 End Over End 8 1/2

2.30—**PADDICK T.Y.O.**, 5f.

Liza 1... R. Dawson 8 1/2 End Over End 8 1/2

Gay 1... S. Darling 8 4 End Over End 8 1/2

Arrow arr'd 1... Apron 8 4 End Over End 8 1/2

Merrylegs 1... C. Coffell 8 4 Little g. 8 4

Crepe 1... P. Martin 8 4 Little g. 8 4

Taxpayer 1... J. Rhodes 8 4 Little g. 8 4

Rosenarten 1... W. Baker 8 4 Little g. 8 4

Mr. W. Baker 8 4 Little g. 8 4

La Filene 1... Spitz 8 4 Wedding Chime 1 G. Sader 8 4

Theovane 1... Spitz 8 4 Wedding Chime 1 G. Sader 8 4

Endless 1... Spitz 8 4 Wedding Chime 1 G. Sader 8 4

Endless 1... Spitz 8 4 Wedding Chime 1 G. Sader 8 4

Dolcheff 1... Piss 8 4 Ardelle 1... J. Rhodes 8 4

Gentleman 1... Piss 8 4 Ardelle 1... J. Rhodes 8 4

Depraved 1... Piss 8 4 D.B. Bloom East heat 8 4

Belzize 1... G. Bennett 8 0 D.B. Bloom East heat 8 4

Scamp 1... Templeman 8 1/2 D.B. Bloom East heat 8 4

Depraved 1... G. Bennett 8 1/2 Easton Maid Dawson 8 0

Meteorite 1... O. Bell 3 1/2 Easton Maid Dawson 8 0

Depraved 1... G. Bennett 8 1/2 Easton Maid Dawson 8 0

Long Corrie 1... Bennett 8 1/2 Easton Maid Dawson 8 0

Orde 1... Willard 8 1/2 Easton Maid Dawson 8 0

Deflation 1... Willard 8 1/2 Easton Maid Dawson 8 0

Dolcheff 1... Piss 8 4 Easton Maid Dawson 8 0

Arrow arr'd 1... Apron 8 4 Easton Maid Dawson 8 0

2.45—**ROMNEY H.D.C.P.**, 20yds.

Nectarinia 1... S. Darling 8 1/2 China 8 4

M. pines 1... S. Darling 8 1/2 China 8 4

Arrow arr'd 1... Apron 8 4 China 8 4

Pretty Dick 1... F. Hartigan 8 1/2 China 8 4

Gentleman 1... Piss 8 4 China 8 4

Depraved 1... Piss 8 4 China 8 4

Belzize 1... G. Bennett 8 0 China 8 4

Scamp 1... Templeman 8 1/2 China 8 4

Depraved 1... G. Bennett 8 1/2 China 8 4

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## Children's Competition: First Prize £2 10s.



There is a splendid competition—

## ROSES FOR THE JUNE BRIDE



Miss Diana Underwood carrying a beautiful bouquet of roses at her wedding yesterday to Mr. S. Ralli, 10th Royal Hussars, at St. George's, Hanover-square.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

The Daily Mirror  
NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

—for boys and girls on page 12.

## SEIZED SHIP SEQUEL



Captain ~~B.~~<sup>W.</sup> Neilson (left) skipper of the Hull trawler James Johnson, has gone with Captain W. Leighton (right) to Norway to bring back the vessel which has now been released by the Soviet authorities.



## AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE FETE



Lady Alma Le-Poer-Trench, the little daughter of the Countess of Clancarty, handing a bouquet to Lady Terrington, who opened the fete at Devonshire House yesterday.



TRIPLE HONOUR.—Brokenhurst Philip, a Dexter bull which won a challenge cup and shield at the Southampton show, wearing the rosettes of three prize awards.—(Daily Mirror.)

DIVORCE.—Mrs. Gladys Epstein leaving the Law Courts yesterday after being granted a decree nisi against her husband, a music-hall artist known as Eric Randolph.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



TOWN BIRDS.—A swan which built her nest on the River Kennet, in the centre of Reading, with her family of cygnets and one egg as yet not hatched.



ANOTHER LONDON CHURCH FIRE.—Damage done by fire to the classroom at Holy Trinity Church, Tulse Hill, the third South London church at which an attempt at arson has been recently discovered.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



WHITELEY'S WAR RECORD.—Field-Marshal Lord Methuen (second from left), delivering an address after the unveiling by him of the war memorial at Whiteley's, the famous London stores. The ceremony took place yesterday.